

THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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[No. 20.]

SELECTIONS.

ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN, COUNT OF RUMFORD.

(Concluded from page 61.)

THE next great work, in which Rumford engaged, was the "Royal Institution of Great Britain," under the immediate patronage of the king; and, if the success of the institution has satisfied the sanguine expectations of its founder, and the liberal and extensive views, which animated those, who sketched the grand design, have been pursued in filling up the piece, it is one of the most laudable and useful establishments, of which Europe can boast.

Its object is more directly to connect the labors of mechanics with the the scientific investigations of philosophers; to call in the assistance of mental to the aid of physical employments; and, by combining study with practice, to increase the comforts of mankind, by only teaching them how easily they are obtained.

His tenth essay, which occupies almost the whole of the third volume, contains an account of all his improvements and schemes, relative to the art of cookery. To throw out of use the whole laboratory of a kitchen, and completely to change the utensils and the mode of cooking, must require much time, and not a little altercation with cooks. But Rumford never recommends any plan for general use, until he has given it a fair and thorough trial under every circumstance. Fortunately for him, and for humanity, he found men of wealth, influence, and inclination, to aid him in his laborious, useful, and expensive experiment.

The most perfect kitchen, he has ever constructed is in the house of Baron Lerchenfeld at Munich; and, although the intended alterations alarmed the cook, who thought no improvement could be made in his department, as is generally the case with such kind of people, he has found the advantage of the new culinary system, and it has given him complete satisfaction. This kitchen is particularly described in this essay, and several plans are given, which furnish information for constructing, or using it.

Although he has made many and important improvements in the kitchen apparatus, and, by their simplicity and obvious utility, render the acquisition of cooking utensils and consequently the blessings of the culinary art within the reach of many poor and wretched cottagers, the process of cooking by his experiments possesses advantages superior to that, used in the ordinary way. The reasoning and experiments, which are made to throw new light on this important art, and which has never yet been sufficiently investigated, are very curious, and are worthy the attention of every member of society.

The eleventh essay contains merely supplementary observations on chimney fireplaces, intended to explain the reasons of the inefficacy of the alterations of smoking chimneys according

to the rules and directions, given in the fourth essay. But carelessness in the construction of chimneys on his principles, and not the defect of those principles, has been almost the universal cause why the Rumford fireplaces ever smoke.

The few pages, contained in the twelfth essay on the salubrity of warm rooms, consist of observations, which are the result of experiments, and his own practice and habits.*

Having, by his intense application to public business in Bavaria, brought upon him a great degree of debility and ill health several years before, he was advised by his physician in the summer of 1800, after the establishment of the royal institution, to try the waters of Harrogate in Yorkshire. While he resided here for two months, he had a fair opportunity of experiencing the effects of warm bathing. The thirteenth essay contains his reflections and experiments on this subject.

The fourteenth essay exhibits additional remarks relating to the management of fire in closed fireplaces. This is of essential service to brewers, distillers, and other artificers, whose business requires a great consumption of fuel, and a continued application of heat. It contains a few curious experiments concerning the daily use of culinary processes, and shows in a striking manner how much a little philosophical knowledge of the operation of fire will contribute to domestic enjoyments.

The expansive power of steam, which places within the control of man the greatest force, the laws of nature have ever permitted him to direct, has long been well known. But to employ it, as a conveyor of heat, by which many mechanical arts have been greatly improved, and the comforts of mankind multiplied, was first taught by Rumford. The idea, that water can actually be made to boil violently in a wooden cistern, removed to a great distance from any fire, will surprise many; but the surprise will be increased, when many hogheads of cold water in a few

* It has been a vulgar opinion, that warm rooms are pernicious to health, and that the best mean of preserving it is as far, as possible, to accommodate ourselves to an uniform temperature. On reflection this opinion will vanish, and, instead of warm rooms being considered injurious, rooms impartially warmed will be found the cause of catarrhs and colds. The inhabitants of the northern countries live in two atmospheres so different, while half their days are spent in the great but uniform heat of their close cottages and chaumières, and the other half in the open regions of frost, that changing from one to the other, they would experience all the evils, which are commonly attributed to this change. These people however never suffer from this cause. The philosophy of living comfortably in this respect consists in keeping the body uniformly affected by the atmosphere, which immediately surrounds us rather, than fixing the degree of temperature at any particular point, or changing the atmosphere. If every part of the body is equally impressed, and no one part suffers an affection of warm air, while another is influenced by cold blasts or currents, our health is in little or no danger. Hence, our attention should be directed to making the warmth of rooms uniform, and prevent the intrusion of cold and imperceptible currents of external air, which clandestinely attack our health and constitution.

minutes are made to boil by only admitting steam through a small tube from a boiler, containing only a few gallons. Those, who are inclined to gratify their curiosity by perusing a few pages on this subject, will turn to his fifteenth essay, which closes the third volume. It furnishes the most useful information on affairs of this kind, that any book of whatever size can possibly afford.

As his object in all his occupations is to be useful, his publications are intended to improve the most ordinary affairs relative to human life, and those circumstances, which immediately concern domestic comfort and economy. He has made many important discoveries, and in his philosophical reasoning and deductions has guarded against the dissemination of errors. His essays furnish several instances of his candor, as a philosopher, and of his humanity, as a man. In some of his experiments he has entertained opinions, which, by subsequent facts and inquiries, he has been convinced were erroneous. These he never fails to correct, with that sacred regard to truth, which ever characterizes a real philosopher.

Rumford has interested himself for the poor, and has endeavoured by his writings and philosophical improvements to raise the lowest classes of society to happiness and virtue.—Nor have his labors been without success or reward. Thousands of wretched beings can never forget with what parental tenderness and cordial affection he converted them to habits of useful industry. For his philanthropic labors he received the warmest expressions of gratitude and transports from the indigent people, for whose welfare he exerted himself. For his philosophy and public service he has been rewarded by the satisfaction, that all the learned and scientific societies in Europe boast of enrolling him among their numbers.

With his genteel and polished manners Rumford possesses a penetrating and communicative mind, which, with his extensive knowledge of mankind, renders him an agreeable and instructive companion.

MORALITY.

TO shun extremes and pursue the golden mean which wisdom dictates, to regulate all our conduct, by the standard of reason and prudence, is a point difficult to be attained, by imperfect and short sighted beings like mankind.—And in no case perhaps, whatever, is it more difficult to preserve a proper mediocrity, than in matters of a religious concern, those being, undoubtedly, the most important in their nature; errors, respecting them must therefore be most fatal in their consequences. To shun the gloom of superstition, on the one hand, and too great a degree of levity, on the other, requires the utmost care and circumspection. The reason, probably, why so many deviate from the paths of rectitude, may be owing to the want of a proper guide; and perhaps, in matters of so great importance as relig-

ion, we shall not find a better guide, than that old fashioned and much neglected book called the Bible. Were this to be summoned, from its lonely retreat, disburdened of the dust it has accumulated, through three or four weeks, or many months repose, and read attentively, morning and evening, it might afford us direction for escaping many evils we have to encounter. This points out a remedy, for every disorder of our natures, and teaches us how to conduct, in every situation of life; it directs us to moderate our joys, restrain our anger, and keep all our passions within due bounds. While it alike condemns the melancholy visage of hypocrisy, and the vain unmeaning airs of levity; it exhorts us to serve the Lord with gladness, to come before his presence with singing, and rejoice in his name alway. Notwithstanding God is able and does, in reality, effect every thing in us of a religious nature, by his immediate agency; yet he is pleased to make use of secondary causes.—There are stated means to be observed, as much in the acquirement of religious knowledge, as in the attainment of the arts and sciences; without a proper use of which, we cannot reasonably expect to obtain, either the one or the other.

The Apostle declares that "Faith comes by hearing and hearing by the word of God," and proceeds further to inquire, "How can they believe in Him, of whom they have not heard; and how shall they hear without a preacher; and how shall he preach except he be sent?" By this it appears, there is a natural connection existing between the ordinary means of salvation. God might, if he had seen fit, have communicated his mind and will to his creatures in an immediate and supernatural way, without the medium of a written revelation, the preaching of his word, or any stated means whatever; but since he has not been pleased to deal thus with us, it becomes us to seek him with humility, in that way which he has prescribed.

So long as people neglect to read the scriptures, they must remain ignorant of the true principles of religion, and be uninfluenced by them. Nor is a slight, superficial knowledge of them sufficient; but we should study them daily, attentively and systematically, humbly beseeching God, that he would open our eyes, to behold wondrous things out of his law, and understand the true import of his word.

Attendance on public worship, on the sabbath, is another instituted mean of grace, and not less important than reading the scriptures. Some pretend that, this duty is not enjoined in the New Testament; but what does the Apostle mean when he commands the Hebrews, "Not to forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is?"

There are various other means of grace pointed out, in sacred writ, such as prayer, meditation, &c. too numerous to be mentioned at present. But let none, vainly and presumptuously, flatter themselves, that they shall ever be the subjects of divine grace, without a use of the proper means, or that they shall be ever happy, without being truly religious: for it is an immutable principle in the nature of things, and an express declaration of scripture, that *without holiness no man shall see the Lord.*

[Dart. Gaz.]

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

An excuse for following the fashion.

AS I was loitering in a Boston store, last winter, I heard a very honest countryman inveighing with great warmth against "the fashion of the times." He declared them extravagant, and foretold, with a confidence, sufficient at least for the prophets of modern days, they would finally ruin the country. He denounced the leaders in the fashionable world as "a set of shallow-pated, idle, comical rascals, unworthy the notice of honest men, and beneath the contempt of an enlightened people. However, (he added) seeing every body follows the fashion, we shall be laughed at, if we do not. I will therefore (addressing himself to a clerk) take some of your patent cloths for myself and boys, and some of your most fashionable muslins, for my lady and daughters.

I was much pleased with our country-gentleman's appearance—was glad to see him possessed of boldness, sufficient to speak his sentiments before the contemptible foplings of the town. But above all, I admired his delicacy of taste in rejecting the vulgar, old fashioned term, *wife*, and substituting *LADY* in its room. America, said I to myself, will soon rival France in politeness, and our country gallants set the young Parisians at defiance.

These were the reflections of the moment—but when I retired to my lodgings, and the fumes, which the eloquence of the supposed rustic had wrought up, had time to dissipate, I began to weigh his argument, which had before been palmed on me, as undoubtedly correct. On reflection I concurred with him in the extravagance of fashion; its ruinous tendency, and the insignificance of those, who, by continually *teasing* the inconstant goddess, make her thus mettlesome and changeable. But I could not see the propriety of his last observation, whereby he would excuse himself, his *Lady* and children, for becoming dupes to the *fashionalia*, because "every body" else did. Let us see, "the fashions are extravagant, and will finally ruin the country." Do we realize this? It is a serious affair—And will we knowingly contribute to our country's destruction? But ho! I am rude to trouble our people of fashion, with such serious questions. I humbly ask their pardon, and will stop short, lest I be saucy. It may be I shall, "at a more convenient season," treat farther on the propriety, or rather impropriety of our countryman's excuse.

A LAZY CORRESPONDENT.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ON THE IMAGINATION.

OF the faculties of the soul, the imagination has had the greatest influence in exalting the dignity of human nature. As the mind, in perception, is passive, as it must receive all the ideas, which the senses present, whether pleasant or painful, without a pow-

er of separating those which are pleasing from those which untune every chord which vibrates with joy, and arranging them in such order that the mind may dwell upon them with delight, man must be wretched. It is the peculiar province of the imagination to make this abstraction and arrangement. To enter into a metaphysical disquisition of this sublime power, to determine with precision, in what manner the mind acts in forming ideal pictures, from which so great felicity is derived, and in bestowing ideal presence on things absent, a source of almost infinite pleasure, the writer of this essay will not pretend. To delineate some of the advantages, and expatiate on the happiness, which man has received from imagination is his intention, and to these he would call the attention of those, who may honor this essay with a perusal.

That the imagination is the greatest spring to exertion, and the principle source of all the improvements, made in the condition of man, on mature reflection cannot be doubted. Imagination presents to us perfection. Its pleasures are without alloy, the felicity flowing from it is not blended with misery. Thus it prevents the mind from resting contented with its present attainments, and prompts it to search for something unknown and unenjoyed. It is wisely ordered that the possession of a desired good, should never afford more exquisite, and rarely equal pleasure, to what is derived from the anticipation. For then, the mind, contented with the enjoyment of a real or fancied good, would doze forever over the present page; and an impenetrable barrier be raised against every improvement of which the mind is susceptible. But, guided by the imagination, the mind makes the ample range of creation, discovers new sources of intellectual pleasures, expands itself, becomes conversant with the works of Deity, and thus prepares for the reception of that immortal and ever growing felicity, which it is formed to participate in the celestial mansions of bliss. It is imagination, which stimulates the patriot to deeds of heroism in defence of his country's rights and liberty. The patriotic, the virtuous, the magnanimous Wallace, beholding, in imagination, his country emancipated from the oppressive grasp of an English tyrant, and governed by just and equal laws, with an handful of heroes, braved the whole power of the esteemed invincible Edward. And never shalt thou be forgotten! Yes, faintest martyr, though thy ashes are cold in the earth, and no monumental inscription points the traveler, the friend of liberty to thy charnel house, yet shalt thou find a mausoleum in the breasts of all; whose souls glow with the sentiments of honor and philanthropy.

The philosopher, buoyant on the pinions of imagination, travels the unbounded regions of space, unfolds the mysteries of nature, brings to view new worlds, traces them wheeling their circuitous courses round centres, whose light, traveling with a velocity of one hundred and ninety thousand miles per second, has not yet reached this earth.

though put in motion when "God said, let there be light, and light was." By exciting this faculty of the mind, the orator can engage the feelings of his auditors in his cause—he suffers not the imagination to rest on the appearance of the oppressed widow and helpless orphan, whom he presents before them; he conducts it to the thatched cot scarcely resisting the impetuous north-wind—he presents its inhabitants pale, and emaciated—he opens the back scene and discovers sickness and sorrow, that sickness and that sorrow, which arise from "hope forever deferred." Again he snatches it to the dank cells of the dungeon, exposes to view the prisoner, "whose blood," as Sterne beautifully says, "the western breeze, for more than thirty years, had not once fanned. By captivating the imagination, he softens the heart to the woes of humanity.

But in poetry, divine, enrapturing poetry, do we derive the most sensible advantages from the imagination. Here the mind is not fettered by systematic rules—here the fancy may rove free, and unconfined, feast on the beauties of language and nature, unalloyed by those deformities, which corrode and harrow up the nicer feelings of the soul.

Assisted by this faculty, could the incomparable Milton cull every beauty of nature, and so artfully dispose them, that his reader cannot but fancy himself straying among the delightful parterres of his terrestrial Paradise, and for a moment feel all the pleasures, which could arise from being placed in a situation so exquisitely beautiful. By imagination too could Cowper transport himself to

- "A lodge in some vast wilderness,
- "Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
- "Of unsuccessful or successful war,
- "Could never reach him more."

Imagination may, indeed, sometimes darken the scene, and make the prospect more gloomy, but human nature from a principle which ought ever to be cherished, is prone to disregard the gloom and dwell only on the hope of seeing the rays of joy burst through the darkness.

Such are the advantages of imagination. Whatever of honor, whatever of profit, whatever of pleasure we enjoy, flow from this source. Without this incentive to action man were indeed in a deplorable condition. Science could never have progressed; but must have been continually retrograde till every trace of it had been obliterated, and man been reduced to a point of depression much below the brute creation. More savage than the tiger, much less cunning than the fox, wilful as the ass, with the sluggishness of the opossum, and force inferior to most animals, he would be forever exposed to their rapacity, must degenerate, and at length, be swept from animated nature by the besom of destruction. Endowed with this noble faculty he is elevated almost infinitely above them.

In fine, by imagination man improves, refines and socializes his soul; he lightens his labours, soothes his cares, banishes his sorrows, enhances his pleasures, and, soaring

beyond this poor perishable speck of matter, rests not, till a vista is opened to those mansions, where local attachments, party prejudices and earthly sorrows, no longer corrode; but where virtue, having resumed her native form, is revered, and vice, stripped of her borrowed and gaudy attire, ceases to captivate.

LEUMAS.

Correspondence between Mr. Sterne and Mrs. Draper.

YORICK to ELIZA.....[No. III.]

I GOT thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old Lord toasted your health three different times; and though now in his eighty fifth year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other nabobesses as much in wealth, as she does already, in exterior and, what is far better, interior merit. I hope so too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine. You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius; and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table. The manner in which his notice began of me, was singular as it was polite. He came up to me, one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales' court—"I want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you should know, also, who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard continued he, of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much: I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast; but have survived them! and, despairing ever to find their equals it is some years since I have closed my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again: but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die; which I now do; so go home and dine with me." This nobleman I say is a prodigy; for at eighty five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty. A disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others beyond whatever I knew: added to which, a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling.

He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction; for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us. And a most sentimental afternoon, till 9 o'clock, have we passed; But thou, Eliza, wert the star that conducted and enlivened the discourse. And when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warm every thought I uttered; for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee. Best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustained the whole night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words. Assuredly does Heaven give strength proportioned to the weight it lays upon us! Thou hast been bowed down, my child, with every burden that sorrow of heart, and pain of body, could inflict upon a poor being; and still thou tellest me, thou art beginning to get ease; thy fever gone, thy sickness, the pain in thy side, vanishing also.—May every evil so vanish that thwarts Eliza's happiness, or but awakens thy fears for a moment! Fear nothing, my dear! hope every thing; and the balm of this pas-

sion will shed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a spring of youth and cheerfulness, more than thou hast hardly yet tasted.

And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing desk; and will consult it in all doubts and difficulties.—Grateful and good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost; his picture does not do justice to his own complacency!

Thy sweet little plan and distribution of thy time—how worthy of thee! Indeed, Eliza, thou leavest me nothing to direct thee in; thou leavest me nothing to require, nothing to ask—but a continuation of that conduct which won my esteem, and has made me thy friend forever.

May the roses come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! But trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband, (if he is the good feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection, and kiss thy pale, poor, dejected face, with more transport, than he would be able to do, in the best bloom of all thy beauty;—and so he ought, or I pity him. He must have strange feelings, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art!

I am glad Miss Light goes with you. She may relieve you from many anxious moments. I am glad too your shipmates are friendly beings. You could least dispense with what is contrary to thy nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza. It would civilize savages. 'Tho' pity were it thou shouldst be tainted with the office! How canst thou make apologies for thy last letter; 'tis most delicious to me, for the very reason you excuse it. Write to me, my child, only such. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself, any how, and every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust. Such, Eliza, I write to thee—and so I should ever live with thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe; for I am, all that honour and affection can make me, thy

BRAMIN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AGE & YOUTH.....from *Shakespeare*.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee.

She, who in secret yields her heart,
Again may claim it from her lover;
But she, who plays the triflers part,
Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.

An opera, like a pilory, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

The twenty first No. of the Tablet will be
issued in a week from this date.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

SYMPATHY.

Ah ! why have I a heart to feel,
With keen distress, another's pain,
And yet denied the power to heal !
And must this bosom bleed in vain !

I've seen a father view the urn,
Where lay a child in death's cold sleep,
A grief worn mother's bosom yearn,
And mingled tears with those who weep.

I've seen the sorrowing child of woe
Bend lowly o'er a parent's grave,
Have trac'd his footsteps blank and flow ;
Nor strove in vain his grief to wave.

The dew, which falls from pity's eye,
Shall never reach the humid ground,
But every tear, and every sigh
Shall prove a balm to sorrow's wound.

Then can this bosom bleed in vain !
A single pang I'd ne'er forego ;
For tho' I share another's pain
Full sure I share his pleasures too.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

TO MARIA.

COME, my lov'd girl, let's view the sylvan
scene,
Cull the sweet flower, that's dress'd in spring's
array ;
Come, walk the meadows, deck'd in cheerful
green,
And see the songsters hop from spray to spray.

In vain I call—Maria hears me not ;
In vain I view spring's smiling flowers so gay ;
I mourn in vain my restless lonely lot,
And wish myself with thee, far, far away.

Fond mem'ry oft the mind our converse
brings ;
Then still I view thee, hear thy pleasing voice,
While to my heart the charming vision clings,
And conscious rapture tells me to rejoice.

But soon alas reflection bids me wake,
And mourn, with her, delusive fancy's dreams,
Shows me her pomp, and kindly bids me
take
A short farewell of friendship's fav'rite themes.

I must obey—yet still, with fond regard,
I turn to recollection's tender scenes ;
Fair hope presents to patience a reward,
And lulls my heart to peace by thine own
means.

Yes—I shall see thee once again, my friend,
Once more to my fond bosom clasp thy form ;
Kind Heaven, to her protection always send,
And save her still from every threat'ning storm !

SELIMA.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

On seeing a LADY's half-naked Bosom.
With throbbing heart, surpris'd and dazzled
eyes,
My ravish'd senses, all in tumults rise,

Your gently moving bosom to survey,
Where thousand Cupids, all in ambush, lay ;
Where all the graces, all the loves conspire
To charm, enrapture, set the soul on fire ;
Where all the virtues, in sweet union, meet,
And all perfection, fills the Heav'nly seas ;
Where swelling motions, calm as summer-seas,
Emit perfumes, as sweet as Eden's breeze.
Rapt in Elysium, at the charming sight,
My spirit trembling, anxious for a flight,
Sighs to enjoy that mansion of delight.

But these illusions of the raptur'd soul,
In part enjoy'd, but not enjoy'd in whole,
Seem the faint emblems, of the spirit's flight,
To Heav'n's eternal realms of pure delight,
When disencumber'd of this mortal clay
To sport in endless sun-shine, joy, and day.
Yet think not, fairest, one foul thought employs,
The soul thus ravish'd with imagin'd joys.
Forgive in mercy the transported mind,
Sweet maid, and be as generous as refin'd ;
And think the poet's soul, as pure, who sings,
As the pure mansion, whence his rapture springs.

SENSATION.

SELECTED POETRY.

ETERNITY.

Whence sprung this glorious frame ? or
whence arose
The various forms the universe compose ?
From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things ?
Sing, heav'nly Guide ! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of night !
Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,
Adores a Pow'r beyond the reach of thought.
First Cause of causes ! Sire supreme of birth !
Sole light of heav'n ! acknowledg'd life of
earth !

Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous
whole,

This wide expanded All from pole to pole !
Who shall prescribe the boundary to Thee ?
Or fix the era of Eternity !

Should we, deceiv'd by error's sceptic glafs,
Admit the thought absurd—that Nothing was !
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion
flow,

That Nothing rais'd this beauteous All below !
When from disclosing darkness splendor breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks !
When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals ?—not to own the skies !

If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time ? or whence expanded
space !

What gave the slumb'ring mafs to feel a
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range !
Could nothing link the universal chain ?
No, 'tis impossible, absurd and vain !

Here reason its eternal Author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds !
Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows !

A nobler source those pow'rs ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know ;
These from a cause superior date their rise,
" Abstract in essence from material ties."

An origin immortal, as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays ! they
came :

In whom all possible perfections shine.
Eternal, self-existent, and divine !

From this great spring of uncreated might !
This all-resplendent orb of vital light !

Whence all created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies !
Profusely-wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which heav'n enrich, and gladden worlds
below !

Which are no less, when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of th' Eternal Mind !

Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear
(Let unbelief attend, and shrink with fear !)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense !
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er begun, nor e'er shall end.

In him from whom existence boundless flows,
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose ;
Assur'd, on his eternity depend,
" Eternal Father ! and eternal Friend !"
Within that mystic circle safely seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break ;
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days.

Ode on the death of a favorite Cat, drowned in a
tub of gold fishes.—BY GRAY.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow ;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws ;
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd ; but midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize,
What female heart can gold despise !
What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again the bent,
Nor knew the gulph between :
(Malignant fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry watry God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no Nereid stir'd,
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard :
A fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Nor all that glister's, gold.

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